abundant yield, was selected for the purpose.

It was the depreciation in the value of the precious metals and of money, supposed to have already resulted from the new supplies of gold, which made him the conspicuous advocate of the demand that one of the metals should be demonetized in order to *"redress the situation."*

In the conference of 1865, which resulted in the formation of the Latin Union, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, in insisting upon the demonetization of silver, were not influenced by either its actual or anticipated depreciation relatively to gold. The annual silver production of the United States was then only $11,000,000. In 1871, when Germany decreed the demonetization of silver, the relative value of gold and silver was steady and unchanged and no change was apprehended. As Germany then had the single standard of silver, changes in the relative value of gold and silver in the London market, unless very large, could have been of but little importance to that empire. It was not a fall in the value of gold relatively to silver which caused Germany to demonetize gold in 1857, neither was it a fall in the value of silver relatively to gold which induced that empire to demonetize silver in 1871. In both cases Germany was governed by one and the same apprehension, that the mass of money, or of the precious metals combined, was undergoing a depreciation, and that the adoption of a single standard was needed to *"redress the situation."* And it is apparent that it was quite indifferent to Germany which metal was selected for the standard.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR IS OVER.

To the Editor of THE ADVOCATE.

As a delegate to the People's party state convention, held at Wichita, I will say that on the night of June 16, the great rebellion closed—that long and bloody struggle between the sons of the revolution. The war started in Kansas in '56 and ended in the People's party convention at Wichita in '92. The bloody shirt was buried there, never to be resurrected again by men who are lovers of liberty.

When Fred. J. Close, the one armed soldier who left his arm on the battle field, and who is now a candidate for congress in the First district, arose and pointed to his empty sleeve, then to the American flag, and said he had sacrificed an arm for the preservation of those stars and stripes, God knew that he no longer harbored in his heart any ill feelings for the boys who wore the gray, and who had met him bravely in the great struggle. That the men who had seen service in the war from 1861 to 1865 ceased fighting when that war closed, and to-day the Confederate who was identified with the best interests of our whole country and as ready and willing to defend the stars and stripes as we, should be treated as any other citizen. He said he knew Mr. Harris would shoulder his musket now as quickly as any Federal soldier to defend the stars and stripes and to keep this one united country. That he is a man of great learning and posted on the issues of the day; a ready and fluent speaker and able to meet Geo. T. Anthony on the stump or anywhere. He said it was those who stayed at home, made money, robbed our mothers, wives and daughters, and howled long and loud; those who never saw the smoke or heard the charge of battle, who were now opposing the fair and equal treatment of the Confederates. In other words, it was the cranks and not the rank and file who were objecting to such consideration.

At the close of his remarks, Capt. B. Evans, a war veteran, whose head is frosted over by the snows of sixty-six winters, stepped to the front of the stage and said: "Mr. Chairman, for the purpose of seconding a motion, I ask unanimous consent." The captain said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention, I was a volunteer in the Union army in the war of the Rebellion. I left the state of Michigan with eighty-eight men in my company. After the war closed, I returned with only twenty-six. I well remember shaking the parting hand of wife and children, fully contemplating the realities of war. The last shake, you all know, was closed in silence. I remember the terrible scene of Nashville. Many of you remember Chickamauga and Gettysburg and other scenes of similar notoriety. You remember in times past of only seeing those Confederates in the face of gleaming gun barrels through the red blaze of war, when the war gods held high carnival of blood and death. Long have evil designing men stood between the blue and the gray. We have been taught to look through distorted mediums, held up by those men for the sole purpose of dividing public opinion, that they might, like Judas, satisfy their thirst for gold. While the scenes of war were passing in review; when there was a vacant chair at every table, a tear dimming every eye, a cloud on every brow, an ache in every bosom, every ear was strained to catch the last groan from the battle field. It was then the plutocratic scoundrels of Wall street, dictated by British gold, met and, over wine and cigars in a lofty hall, with doors doubly bolted, and trusted servants walking to and fro, that there should be no intrusion, laid the foundation to enslave American labor. And by cunningly devised schemes and concocted plans promptly carried out have brought our beloved country to the verge of ruin. Our liberties are fast passing from our grasp. The goddess of liberty is trembling with fear at the sickening scenes and heaven-daring crimes committed against American industry by men prompted by selfish greed, with chance weighed with favoritism and selfishness sitting as arbiters."

Here the captain was presented with a beautiful flag. As he received it he said:

"This flag now waves triumphantly all over our beloved country, honored and respected by all nations. Comrades, under this flag we fought for a united government. To perpetuate a system of government bequeathed us by the fathers of the republic. As victors, under this flag our southern brothers were reinstated to the high position of American citizens. Now in behalf of forty millions of American citizens rapidly approaching the condition of serfs; in behalf of ten millions of American citizens that never have their wants supplied for a day; in behalf of one million of able bodied men unable to find employment to provide for wife and children; in behalf of government to break down the color line on which the bloody shirt has been hung every four years, and to bury it beyond the power of resurrection, let us shake hands across the bloody chasm and renew fraternal feelings based on equality, liberty and fraternity, that by united effort we may rescue the great body of American labor from the grasp of organized monopoly. Remember, the brightest jewels are the garnered tears of the widow and orphans. To show our faith by our works I second the nomination of an ex-Confederate soldier for congressman at large, Mr. W. A. Harris."

The captain suggested that all ex-Union soldiers that are delegates desiring to second the nomination of Mr. Harris, manifest the same by a rising vote. The vote was taken and 264 old soldiers arose. When those 264 gray haired veterans arose and declared to the world the war was over and that they were willing to shake hands across the bloody chasm, which venal men have been trying to make wider and deeper so as to divide us that they might satisfy their own personal greed, those 264 sons of our father's who fell at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, filled up the chasm, those 264 old soldiers believed in the commandment Christ gave to his children to "Love one another." They believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. They believe in burying all animosity. They believe in such principles as were taught by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, that God created this country for the land of the free and the home of the brave. They believe that John J. Ingalls told the truth when he said in the senate that this beloved America was fast becoming the land of the rich and the home of the slave. We said in our convention that it shall not be.

The rebellion is over. Let our war be with ballots instead of bullets.

T. J. SMITH.

McPherson, Kan., June 28, 1892.

SHALL SEWING BE DONE AT HOME?

A question came up the other day that proved too knotty for settlement by the parties who had it under discussion, and it was unanimously resolved that one of the number should present it to the readers of the *Standard*.

Two or three ladies making a morning call on a friend, found her in her sewing room before a table piled high with muslins, nainsooks, embroideries and laces, while she herself was rapidly cutting out garment after garment of ladies' and children's underwear.

"What new crochet have you got into your pretty little head now, Mary?" asked one. "Are you working for a children's hospital or an old ladies' home, or both?"

"Neither," replied her friend. "I am simply cutting out a year's supply of undergarments for the family, which my seamstress is going to make up."

"You are not doing this from motives of economy, I should judge," said another. "You can most certainly buy these things ready-made at the spring sales cheaper than you make them, or at least than you can buy the material and pay for having them made."

"Why," said a third, "yesterday I bought really nice corset covers for 25 cents apiece; nightgowns for 99 cents; children's canton flannel night drawers for 84 cents, and pretty morning gowns for my nurse for 97 cents. All were neatly finished; the cotton garments were trimmed with Hamburg edging or lace, and the dresses were daintily made and were a good fit."

Then followed further evidences of Mary's want of thrift, during all of which the hostess was quietly going on with her work. When they had ceased she said:

"And who makes these garments, do you think?"

"Why, sewing women, I suppose," said one.

"What do you suppose they get for the making? The materials for the articles you have mentioned cost me almost as much as you paid for them ready-made, and I have even less trimming on them than some of you have described. How much, think you, does a woman get for making a dozen wrappers, which are sold at 97 cents each, and of which the eight yards of material cost 80 cents, to say nothing of lining for the waist and thread and buttons?"

The ladies looked at each other. "We never thought of that," said they. "A dozen wrappers, did you say? Think of making a whole dozen. I should think it would be a week's work at least."

"Mrs. Martin," said the lady, addressing the seamstress, "come here and tell these ladies some of your experience."

A neat, pale little woman in rusty black came forward.

"I have tried almost every honest way of making a living since my husband's death, and for a year previous to that, while he lay ill. I made corset covers at 35 cents a dozen. There were sixty button holes to make, and sixty buttons to sew on, and I could only make a dozen in a day by sewing until twelve o'clock at night.

"I had not been used to hard work or to running a machine, and I suppose I was slow, for when I took the first lot home, the manufacturer said they did not care to let me have any more; I was too long in making them."

Quick looks of sympathy and cries of "Oh!" and "Ah!" from the listeners.

"Then I tried ladies' wrappers, at 75 cents a dozen from another place, but I was too slow," with a sigh.

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" said the callers.

"Please go on, Mrs. Martin."

"I made children's drawers at 25 cents a dozen, and children's canton flannel night drawers at 35 cents a dozen, but I could not earn enough to buy bread, much less pay rent. A woman who lived in the same apartment house, used to make 'hickory jumpers' for 35 cents a dozen. There is almost as much sewing on one of these as on a white shirt, but she made a dozen in a day. She used to run her machine until 1 and 2 in the morning. I have seen her get up from it and say: 'I feel as if my limbs were on fire.' She had, perhaps, been running it with scarcely a pause for hours. She was only 23 years old, and had married a widower of more than twice her age with five children. He was out of work and they all depended on her for support. Her baby was born dead. The doctor said she had sewed too steadily."

There was a moment of horrified silence and then one and all declared that never again would they buy "bargains" in ready-made clothing.

"I think it will be worse for the poor women if you don't," said Mrs. Martin. "They are glad to get work, even at those prices. It is often all that stands between them and starvation. Sometimes there is an old mother or an aunt or sister, who is something of an invalid, but who can just manage to look after children and do the housework—there isn't much to do when one gets so far down, and then the wife can give her whole time to the work. Most of them work faster than I do."

"I can't reason Mrs. Martin out of her belief that we will only make matters worse by not buying this poorly paid work," said the hostess.

"But surely," said one of the callers, "if we each find some needy seamstress and hire the things made, that will be better."

"But that will only be four," said Mrs. Martin, who seemed totally destitute of the first principles of political economy, "and there are so many."

"It is better to really help four than to keep eight on the verge of starvation," said one lady.

And so the matter ended. Have the readers of the *Standard* anything to say on the subject?—*Alice Chittenden in the Standard.*